



THE GALLANT FARMERS' FAREWELL TO IRELAND

Air—M'Kenra's Dream Compo'd by T. WALSH

Farewell to old Ireland the land of my Fathers,
From house home and farm I sharp had to flee,
I went to pay my rent on a fine summer's morning
Myself and the agent we there did disagree
I had the money in my hand he told me I should quit the land
The truth to tel you know right well his words did me displease
He fel a victim to a shot his agency he soon forgot
And since that day they're searching for the farmer Micheal Hayes

They serch'd Tipperary oer & oer Aherlow & Galtimore
They went along to Waterford but there did not delay,
Through Ballahale & Slenmen a sharp look out with every man
Fatigued & disappointed on the approach of day,
To tellgraph they did their best agree reward for his arrest
The figure six & form they described in every way
Now serch the world far & near the like you hear before did hear
A man to get away as clear as gallant farmer Hayes,

They serch'd trough Limrick & Rathkeal newcastle west & abesca
Macrean Dunmanway old Kinsale & went to Cork by rail
They call'd to Queenstown on their say that splendid place both
grand & gay
Jaulbowli-spice the beach & square for beauty takes away
The finest harbour I'll be bound that could be seen through Ireland
round,
The packet steamer there is found to cross the raging seas
And those not meeting any chance for an other tramp they did ad-
vance,
Some boots were geting hardship in serch of Micheal Hays

They view'd each creek the gulf & bay the ships & liners on the quay
They did without the least delay inspect them going to sea
Around the coast they took a steer from tarbert light-house to cape
el-re
From there along to Wicklow & got into Bray
So when they landed on the shore another tramp for much maket
more
They search'd the miles & saw the are but nearly lost their way
But when they came to vinegar hill the thing being going against
their will
I think we'll never find him so we may as well take our ease

They sentch'd Kikennp & Kildare & saw the stile of merion-square
They went by train to Drogheda and got no tidings toere,
But munster being his native place they did retaliate the chase,
The came by Kneshegoma & at lenght got into Clare,
They cross'd the shann n at killaloe & went along by Ballera
The steer'd their course to miltown or otherwise malloy
At Kerry heads the crave'd the sea & went to disale at the way
And earu'd bread in searching for the farmer Micheal Hayes

Lordinary strand they saw next day where canann meonl & feorn
did play.
Where the Irish gents in grand aray were seen in days of yore
They took their way to ouaiscaul at clonagault they gave a call,
By Banl gap and water-fall around Kilarny lakes,
To mallow town they ran by train that tower they took but all in
vain
At lenth they went across the main unto America,
The paper said they had him caught but they should run or else be
abet,